OUR SERIAL.

SEVEN QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

I.

An infant, wailing in his fright
At landing in this world of fret;
Afraid of dark, afraid of light,
With unknown troubles to be met;
We cry: "Ah, see the lovely pet!"
And "How much money will he get?"

II.

When into joyous youth he's grown
We watch and weigh each chosen friend,
We ask if wild oats he has sown,
And speak of ways that he should mend.
And often trust and distrust blend
In "How much money does he spend?"

III.

When to the problems of this life
He seems to have become awake,
And thinks of getting home and wife—
What form then does our question take?
Our thoughts thus into speech will break:
"Well, how much money does he make?"

IV.

In middle life he has become
Sedately dignified and staid,
And of his countenance so grum
At times we almost feel afraid.
But into his affairs we wade
With "How much money has he made?"

V.

Next as a pillar of the state—
At forty-eight or fifty, say—
We point to him with honors great
That wait for him along the way.
The war cry of the bitter fray
Is "How much money will he pay?"

VI.

And later on, when days go by
Like water dropping through a sieve,
And failing hair and failing eye
Proclaim he has not long to live.
Ø, then we're most inquisitive
With "How much money will he give?"

VII.

Last stage of all; we meet and sigh;
We speak of him and gently grieve,
And in impassioned eulogy
His noble traits and deeds we weave.
And information we receive
From "How much money did he leave?"
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

D'ri and I

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

CHAPTER X — CONTINUED.

He was a great whip, that man David Parish, who had built a big mansion at Ogdensburg and owned so much of the north country those days. He was a gentleman when the founders of the proud families of to-day were dickering in small merchandise. Indeed, one might look in vain for such an establishment as his north of Virginia. This side the Atlantic there was no stable of horses to be compared with that he had—splendid English thoroughbreds, the blood of which is now in every great family of American horses. And, my faith! he did love to put them over the road. He went tearing up hill and down at a swift gallop, and the roads were none too smooth in that early day. Before leaving home he had sent relays ahead to await his coming every 15 miles of the journey; he always did that if he had far to go. This time he had posted them clear to the harbor. The teams were quickly shifted; then we were off again with a crack of the whip and a toot of the long horn. He held up in the swamps, but where footing was fair, the high-mettled horses had their heads and little need of urging. We halted at an inn for a sip of something and a bite to eat.

"Parish," said the general, rising on stiffened legs, "I like your company and I like your wine, but your driving is a punishment."

D'ri was worn out with lack of sleep and rest, but he had hung doggedly to his saddle.

"How do you feel?" I asked him as we drew up on each side of the coach.

"Split t' the collar," said he, soberly, as he rested an elbow on his pommel.

We got to headquarters at five, and turned over the prisoners. We had never a warmer welcome than that of the colonel.

"I congratulate you both," he said as he brought the rum-bottle after we had made our report. "You 've got more fight in you than a wolverene. Down with your rum and off to your beds, and report here at reveille. I have a tough job for you to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

It was, indeed, tougher business than we had yet known—a dash into the enemy's country, where my poor head was in excellent demand. D'ri and I were to cross the lake with a band of raiders, a troop of 40, under my command. We were to rescue some prisoners in a lockup on the other side. They were to be shot in the morning, and our mission therefore admitted of no delay. Our horses had been put aboard a brig at midnight, and soon after the noon mess we dropped down the lake, going into a deep, wooded cove south of the Grenadier island. There we lay waiting for nightfall. A big wind was howling over the woods at sunset, and the dark came on its wings an hour ahead of time. The night was black and the lake noisy when we got under way, bound for a flatboat ferry. Our skipper, it turned out, had little knowledge of those waters. He had shortened sail, and said he was not afraid of the weather. The wind, out of the southeast, came harder as it drove us on. Before we knew it, the whole kit and boodle of us were in a devil of a shakeup there in the broad water. D'ri and I were down among the horses and near being trampled under in the roll. We tried to put about then, but the great gusts of wind made us lower sail and drop anchor in a hurry. Soon the horses were all in a tumble and one on top of the other. We had to jump from back to back to save ourselves. It was no pretty business, I can tell you, to get to the stairway. D'ri was stripped of a boot-leg, and I was cut in the chin by a front hoof, going ten feet or so to the upper deck. To the man who was never hit in the chin by a horse's hoof let me say there is no such remedy for a proud spirit. Bullets are much easier to put up with and keep a civil tongue in one's head. That lower deck was a kind of horses' hell. We had to let them alone. They got astraddle of one another's necks, and were cut from ear to fetlock—those that lived, for some of them, I could see, were being trampled to death. How many I never knew, for suddenly we hit a reef there in the storm and the black night. I knew we had drifted to the north shore, and as the sea began to wash over us it was every man for himself. The brig went up and down like a sledge-hammer, and at every blow her sides were cracking and caving. She keeled over suddenly, and was emptied of horse and man. A big wave flung me far among the floundering horses. My fingers caught in a wet mane; I clung desperately between crowding flanks. Then a big wave went over us. I hung on, coming up astride my capture. He swam vigorously, his nose high, blowing like a trumpet. I thought we were in for a time of it, and had very little hope for any landing, save in kingdom come. Every minute I was head under in the wash, and the roaring filled me with that mighty terror of the windfall. But, on my word, there is no captain like a good horse in bad water. Suddenly I felt him hit the bottom and go forward on his knees. Then he reared up, and began to jump in the sand. A big wave washed him down again. He fell on his side in a shallow, but rose and ran wearily over a soft beach. In the blackness around me I could see nothing. A branch whipped me in the face, and I ducked. I was not quick enough; it was like fencing in the dark. A big bough hit me, raking the withers of my horse, and I rolled off headlong in a lot of bushes. The horse went on, out of hearing, but I was glad enough to lie still, for I had begun to know of my bruises. In a few minutes I took off my boots and emptied them and wrung my blouse, and lay back, cursing my ill luck.

But that year of 1813 had the kick of ill fortune in it for every mother's son of us there in the north country. I have ever noticed that war goes in waves of success or failure. If we had had Brown or Scott to lead us that year, instead of Wilkinson, I believe it had had a better history. Here was I in the enemy's country. God knew where, or how, or when I should come out of it. I thought of D'ri and how it had gone with him in that hell of waters. I knew it would be hard to drown him. We were so near shore, if he had missed the rocks I felt sure he would come out safely. I thought of Louison and Louise, and wondered if ever I should see them again. Their faces shone upon me there in the windy darkness, and one as brightly as the other. Afterwhiles I drew my wet blouse over me and went to sleep, shivering.

A familiar sound woke me—that of the reveille. The sun was shining, the sky clear, the wind had gone down. A crow sat calling in the tree above my head. I lay in a strip of timber, thin and narrow, on the lake shore. Through the bushes I could see the masts of the brig slanting out of water some rods away. Beyond the timber was a field of corn, climbing a side-hill that sloped off to a level, grassy plain. Beyond the hill-top, reveille was still sounding. A military camp was near me, and although I made no move, my mind was up and busy as a cat at a mouse-hole, looking down at my uniform, not, indeed, the most healthful sort of dress for that country. All at once I caught sight of a scarecrow in the corn. I laughed at the odd grotesquery of the thing—an old frock coat and trousers of olive-green, faded and torn and fat with straw. A stake driven through its collar into the earth, and crowned with an ancient, tall hat of beaver, gave it a backbone. An idea came to me. I would rob the scarecrow and hide my uniform. I ran out and hauled it over and pulled the stuffing out of it. The coat and trousers were made for a stouter man. I drew on the latter, fattening my figure with straw to fit them. That done, I quickly donned the coat. Each sleeve-end fell to my finger-tips, and its girth would have circled a flour barrel and buttoned with room to spare. But with my stuffing of straw it came around me as snug at the belt as the coat of a bear. I took alarm as I closed the buttons. For half a minute I had heard a drum-tap coming nearer. It was the measured tap! tap! tap-tap-tap! so familiar to me. Now I could hear the tread of feet coming with it back of the hill. How soon they would heave in sight I was unable to reckon, but I dared not run for cover. So I thrust my scabbard deep in the soft earth, pulled down the big beaver hat over my face, muffled my neck with straw, stuck the stake in front of me to steady myself, and stood stiff as any scarecrow in Canada. Before I was done a column, scarlet-coated, came out in the level beyond the hillside. Through a hole in the beaver I could see them clearly. They came on, rank after rank. They deployed, forming an open square, scarlet-sided, on the green turf, the gap toward me. Then came three, walking stiffly in black coats, a squad leading them. The thing I had taken for a white visor was a blindfold. Their heads were bare. I could see now, they were in shackles, their arms behind them. They were coming to their death—some of my unlucky comrades. God pity them! A spy might as well make his peace with heaven, if he were caught those days, and be done with hope. Suspicion was enough to convict on either side of the water that year. As my feet sank deeper in the soft earth I felt as if I were going down to my grave. The soldiers led them into the gap, standing them close together, backs to me. The squad drew off. The prisoners stood erect, their faces turning up a little, as if they were looking into the clear, blue sky. I could see them waver as they stood waiting. The sharp-shooters advanced, halting as they raised their rifles. To my horror, I saw the prisoners were directly between me and them. Great God! was I also of that little company about to die? But I dared not move a step. I stood still, watching, trembling. An officer in a shining helmet was speaking to the riflemen. His helmet seemed to jump and quiver as he moved away. Those doomed figures began to reel and sway as they waited. The shiny barrels lifted a little, their muzzles pointing at them and at me. The corn seemed to duck and tremble as it waited the volley. A great black ball shot across the sky in a long curve, and began to fall. Then came the word, a flash of fire, a cloud of smoke, a roar of rifles that made me jump in my tracks. I heard bullets cuffing the corn, I felt the dirt fly up and scatter over me, but was unhurt, a rigid, motionless man of straw. I saw my countrymen reel, their legs go limp as rags, their

STUCK THE STAKE IN FRONT OF ME TO STEADY MYSELF AND STOOD STIFF AS ANY SCARECROW IN CANADA.

bodies fall silently forward. The soldiers stood a moment then a squad went after the dead with litters. Forming in fours, they marched away as they had come, their steps measured by that regular rap! rap! rap-rap-rap! of the drum. The last rank went out of sight. I moved a little and pulled the stake, and quickly stuck it again, for there were voices near. I stood waiting as stiff as a poker. Some men were running along the beach; two others were coming through the corn. They passed within a few feet of me on each side. I heard them talking with much animation. They spoke of the wreck. When they were all by me I faced about, watching them. They went away in the timber, down to a rocky point, where I knew the wreck was visible.

They were no sooner out of sight than I pulled the stake and saber, and shoved the latter under my big coat. Then I lifted the beaver and looked about me. There was not a soul in sight. From that level plain the field ran far to a thick wood mounting over the hill. I moved cautiously that way, for I was in the path of people who would be coming to see the wreck. I got near the edge of the distant wood, and hearing a noise, halted, and stuck my stake, and drew my hands back in the sleeves, and stood like a scarecrow, peering through my hat. Near me, in the woods, I could hear the cracking of sticks and a low voice. Shortly two Irishmen stuck their heads out of a bush. My heart gave a leap in me, for I saw they were members of my troop.

"Hello, there!" I called in a loud voice.

It startled them. They turned their heads to see where the voice came from, and stood motionless. I pulled my stake and made for them on the run. I should have known better, for the sight of me would have tried the legs of the best trooper that ever sat in a saddle. As they told me afterward, it was enough to make a lion yelp.

"Holy Mother!" said one, as they broke through the bush, running for their lives. I knew not their names, but I called them as loudly as I dared. They went on, never slacking pace. It was a bad go, for I was burning for news of D'ri and the rest of them. Now I could hear some heavy animal bounding in the brush as if their running had startled him. I went back to the corn for another stand. Suddenly a horse came up near me, cropping the brush. I saw he was one off the boat, for he had bridle and saddle, a rein hanging in two strings, and was badly cut. My friend! the sight of a horse did warm me to the toes. He got a taste of the tender corn presently, and came toward me as he ate. In a moment I jumped to the saddle, and he went away leaping like a wild deer. He could not have been more frightened if I had dropped on him out of the sky. I never saw such energy in flesh and blood before. He took a mighty fright as my hand went to his withers, but the other had a grip on the pommel, and I made the stirrups. I leaned for the strings of the reign, but his neck was long, and I could not reach them. Before I knew it we were tearing over a hill at a merry pace, I can tell you. I was never so put to it for the right thing to do, but I clung on. The big hat shook down upon my collar. In all my life I had never saw a hat so big. Through the break in it I could see a farmhouse. In a jiffy the horse had cleared a fence, and was running, with the feet of terror, in a dusty road. I grew angry at myself as we tore along—I knew not why. It was a rage of discomfort, I fancy, for somehow, I never felt so bounded and cluttered, so up in the air and out of place in my body. The saber was working loose and hammering my knee; the big hat was rubbing my nose, the straw chafing my chin. I had something under my arm that would sway and whack the side of the horse every leap he made. I bore upon it hard, as if it were the jewel of my soul. I wondered why, and what it might be. In a moment the big hole of my hat came into conjunction with my right eye. On my word, it was the stake! How it came there I have never known, but, for some reason I held to it. I looked neither to right nor left, but sat erect, one hand on the hilt of my saber, the other in the mane of the horse, knowing full well I was the most hideous-looking creature in the world. If I had come to the gate of heaven I believe St. Peter would have dropped his keys. The straw worked up, and a great wad of it hung under my chin like a bushy beard. I would have given anything for a sight of myself, and laughed to think of it, although facing a deadly peril, as I knew. But I was young and had no fear in me those days. Would that a man could have his youth on his death-bed! It was a leap in the dark, but I was ready to take my chances.

Evidently I was nearing a village. Groups of men were in the shady thoroughfare; children thronged the dooryards. There was every sign of a holiday. As we neared them I caught my saber under my knee, and drew my hands into the long sleeves and waved them wildly, whooping like an Indian. They ran back to the fences with a start of fear. As I passed them they cheered loudly, waving their hats and roaring with laughter. An old horse, standing before an inn, broke his halter and crashed over a fence. A scared dog ran for his life in front of me, yelping as he leaped over a stone wall. Geese and turkeys flew in the air as I neared them. The people had seemed to take me for some village youth on a masquerade. We flashed into the open country before the sound of cheering had died away. On we went over a long strip of hard soil, between fields, and off in the shade of a thick forest. My horse began to tire. I tried to calm him by gentle words, but I could give him no confidence in me. He kept on, laboring hard and breathing heavily, as if I were a ton's weight. We came to another clearing and fields of corn. A little out of the woods, and near the road, was a log house white-washed from earth to eaves. By the gate my horse went down. I tumbled heavily in the road, and turning, caught him by the bits. The big hat had shot off my head; the straw had fallen away. A woman came running out of the open door. She had bare feet, a plump and cheery face.

"Tonnerre!" said she. "Qu'est ce que cela?"

"My countrywoman," said I, in French, feeling in my under-trousers for a bit of silver, and tossing it to her, "I am hungry."

"And I have no food to sell," said she, tossing it back. "You should know I am of France and not of England. Come, you shall have enough, and for no price but the eating. You have a tired horse. Take him to the stable, and I will make you a meal."

[To Be Continued.]

TRULY A MODEL SERVANT.

Was Somewhat Bungling in Serving Table, but Had a good Excuse.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the writer, was talking at her home in New York about servants, relates the Tribune.

"I have been reading," she said, "John Forster's 'Life of Dickens,' and the book has reminded me of the pompous Forster's body servant, Henry. Dickens described Henry during his last visit to America.

"The man, it seems, was devoted to his master. From one year's end to the other he never needed a reprimand.

"It was therefore surprising one night, when Forster was entertaining several writers at dinner, to see the scrupulous Henry make error after error. He upset a plate of soup, and Forster uttered a cry of alarm. He forgot to serve sauce for the fish, and his master said, 'Why Henry!' Altogether he made the excellent dinner seem a slovenly and poor repast.

"When, at the end, he had set the port and walnuts on the table, Henry leaned over Forster's chair and said in a tremulous voice:

"'Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last two hours..'"

Japanese Humor.

Here is a typical Japanese humorous story: A quack doctor had prescribed the wrong medicine for the only son of a certain family, with the result that the boy had died. The parents determined to have revenge. So they sued the doctor in a court of law. The affair was eventually patched up, the quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this the doctor heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that the wife of one of his neighbors was dangerously ill and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in their taking you from me."—Chicago Daily News.

A BEEHIVE INCUBATOR.

Remarkable Discovery Which an Observing Ohio Apiarist Has Made.

Henry Decker, of Rome, O., by repeated tests has demonstrated that a setting of eggs may be successfully hatched within an ordinary beehive as the incubator. As more than a dozen eggs can be cared for at a time, it is claimed that one hive can be made

ORDINARY BEEHIVE AS INCUBATOR.

to do the work of eight hens, and also produce 100 pounds of honey annually.

Mr. Decker, who had previously used an incubator, one day while handling a swarm of bees observed that the temperature within the hive was similar to that of his incubator. His supposition was later verified, says the Scientific American, by placing a thermometer in the hive, and comparing the temperature with that of the incubator. Thereupon he placed 20 eggs in the upper section of the hive, separating them from the working apartments of the bees by a cotton cloth. Around the sides a cushion made from a quilt was placed, and over the eggs another cushion. Eighteen of the 20 eggs were hatched.

BEARS GO A-BERRYING.

Interesting Story of the Good Time They Had and the Lesson the Willful Bear Learned.

One bright sunny day in July Mamma Bear took her two baby bears out to pick blackberries. Each had a little basket tied about his neck to put the berries in.

The berries tasted so good that they did not mind the prickly briars that stuck into their soft paws.

On the way one of the little bears said to his mamma: "I am not a baby bear any longer. I am a big bear. I

ONE LITTLE BEAR RAN AWAY.

want to pick my berries all alone." And away he ran.

This willful bear filled his basket, and sat by the roadside to eat his berries.

A sly black spider let itself down from a branch and bit the bear on the ear. He was so greedy eating that he just put up his paw and brushed it away.

Soon the spider let itself down again, this time biting him on the tip of his nose. The little bear jumped up quickly, upsetting his basket of berries and crying with pain. He ran along the hot, dusty road, rubbing the stinging bite on his nose, caying and calling: "Mamma, mamma, mamma!"

At last he spied her sitting in a cool, shady corner of the high stone hedge, with her good baby bear eating berries. He ran to her and showed her the red lump on the tip of his nose.

The Mamma Bear felt sorry for her willful baby, and told him to put his head in her lap. She licked the bite until the pain was gone. She gave him some of his brother's berries, and told him that the spider's bites were his just punishment for running away.—Philadelphia Press.

A Little Girl's Pet.

Hattie Snyder is the daughter of "Jake" Snyder, the keeper of the animals for the Central park menagerie, New York. When the baby elephant was brought to the park two years ago it was named Hattie. Since that time it has been the special care of Hattie Snyder. Her father has taught the elephant many tricks, which she performs at the bidding of her godmother, to the great entertainment of the children who visit the park. This happens only occasionally, however, for the original Hattie is not in public life, but is a New York school girl, devoted to her studies. How would you like a pet elephant to play with?

The First Marbles.

Little round pebbles were the marbles used by the children of long ago. It took nature thousands, maybe millions, of years to form these marbles. A modern stone marble mill can turn out 2,000,000 marbles a week. Saxony is the great center of marble making.

GAME OF SKELETON BALL.

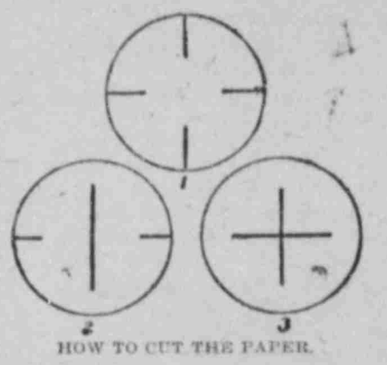
A Safe Game to Play in the House on a Rainy Day—Make Your Own Balls.

On rainy days, if you want to play an indoor game of ball, one that positively will not cause breakage of fine ornaments, and to play which requires two balls of your own manufacture, with little trouble, and at barely any cost, you could not find a better game than the one we are now going to describe.

You can make the balls of stiff white notepaper, if you choose, but it would be better to get stiff colored paper, either blue and red, gold and silver, or green and yellow, so that the two balls can be in pleasing contrast in colors.

To make the balls, fold each sheet of paper so that you can cut out, at one time, three circles, or disks, in each color, about three and a half inches in diameter. If you prefer to cut each circle separately you can do so, but the other way saves time and trouble. If you have no dividers to draw the circumference properly, use a pin, and a string and pencil, but be sure to have the circle accurate.

In each color mark the circle's numbers, 1, 2 and 3, and with lines, as shown in the accompanying diagrams. Now cut slits where the lines are drawn, and slip circle No. 1 through the center slit in No. 2, the notches in the outer edge of No. 1 holding them together so that they bisect each other. The cross-cuts in No. 3 will allow that circle to fit over and bisect the other



HOW TO CUT THE PAPER.

two, and the three circles will be perfect fits if the notches are not too small.

You now have a skeleton ball, showing eight quadrants, but no surface circumference, yet the ball will roll well in an direction. Prepare the second ball in a different color in the same way, and with two small palm-fans, tied with ribbons at the handle, in color to correspond with the balls, our outfit for the game is complete.

Arrange a goal at each end of the room by placing two chairs a yard apart, and in the middle of the room, at equal distance from the two goals, place a chair having rungs. Divide the party into two sides, each with a captain, and you are ready to play.

The object in the game, explains Good Literature, is to score the greatest number of goals, and a player on each side begins by standing before his goal, with the ball before him on the floor. Using the fan, he tries to blow the ball under and through the chair in the middle of the room. When he accomplishes this he must fan it through his opponent's goal, and the first one who does this wins the game.

Then two other opponents, selected by the respective captains, play in the same way. The balls must not be touched, but are to be guided and propelled by the air from the fans.

After all have played, the victory belongs to the side that has the more scores to its credit.

A TURKISH GIRL'S DEBUT.

Until She Is Eight She Has Much Liberty, But After That She Dons Veil and Is Secluded.

Until a Turkish girl is eight years old she is free to run about and play the same as her brother. After that time she is regarded as a grown-up. She leaves school and puts on a veil. She is forbidden to run about. No man except her father or husband is allowed to look upon her face and she is not permitted to go into her father's part of the house.

Her parents begin to arrange for her marriage—she has nothing to say in the matter. She must be married by the time she is 11, and her husband will probably be about 17. In Turkey an unmarried man or woman is unknown. Such a state is looked upon as disgraceful.

When the wedding arrives the ceremonies last a week. The wedding dress is a most gorgeous affair, often costing $1,000, being embroidered in gold and pearls. The prettiest part of the ceremonies takes place one evening when the girl friends of the youthful bride entertain her family. Each takes a lighted candle and forming a procession, with the bride as leader, march about the grounds among the flower beds through the trees. All are in bright colored dresses, their hair hangs over their shoulders. Songs are sung; sweet musical chants are heard and the scene suggests nothing so much as a bit out of fairyland itself.

A Legend Concerning Tea.

A Chinese prince was called upon to teach the existence of a God. He took a vow that he would never sleep or eat until he converted his people. Being very faint he ate of a herb and was so stimulated from it that he found he required no effort to keep from sleeping. He was the first to steep it in water, and although he failed in his mission we have, because of him, our knowledge of tea as a drink.